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Crowd

Nasir Aziz

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Crowd // Nazir Aziz

I've met many people.

Those who muffle enormous thoughts behind cold, silent lips.

Others who pick the locks in between teeth, forcing everyone to smile as they rob hearts. I've
met the devout worshipper,

the hopeless romantic, the marooned addict.

But deep down, I know that everyone is the same. Like me, a high rise laden with insecurities,
always swaying beneath the uncertainty of "why now?" to "what's next?" Here, a king on his
own without a commanding say,

there, the musician stringing chords to a deaf audience.

I used to be that boy

who kept placing his hand on his chest,

not believing that a universe throbbed beneath his gentle skin. So sacred was his heart,
which he thought belonged to no one else but him. Now, it's years later and he's still here,

but no longer in awe of himself.

He sees the world as it's been all along,

filled to the brim with tons and tons of people.

He tries to reinvent himself every day, he tries to unveil his ideals.